

IV.
THE

DEATH of M^{idde}L^{to}N

IN THE
LIFE of C I C E R O.

BEING A
Proper CRITICISM

ON THAT
Marvellous PERFORMANCE.

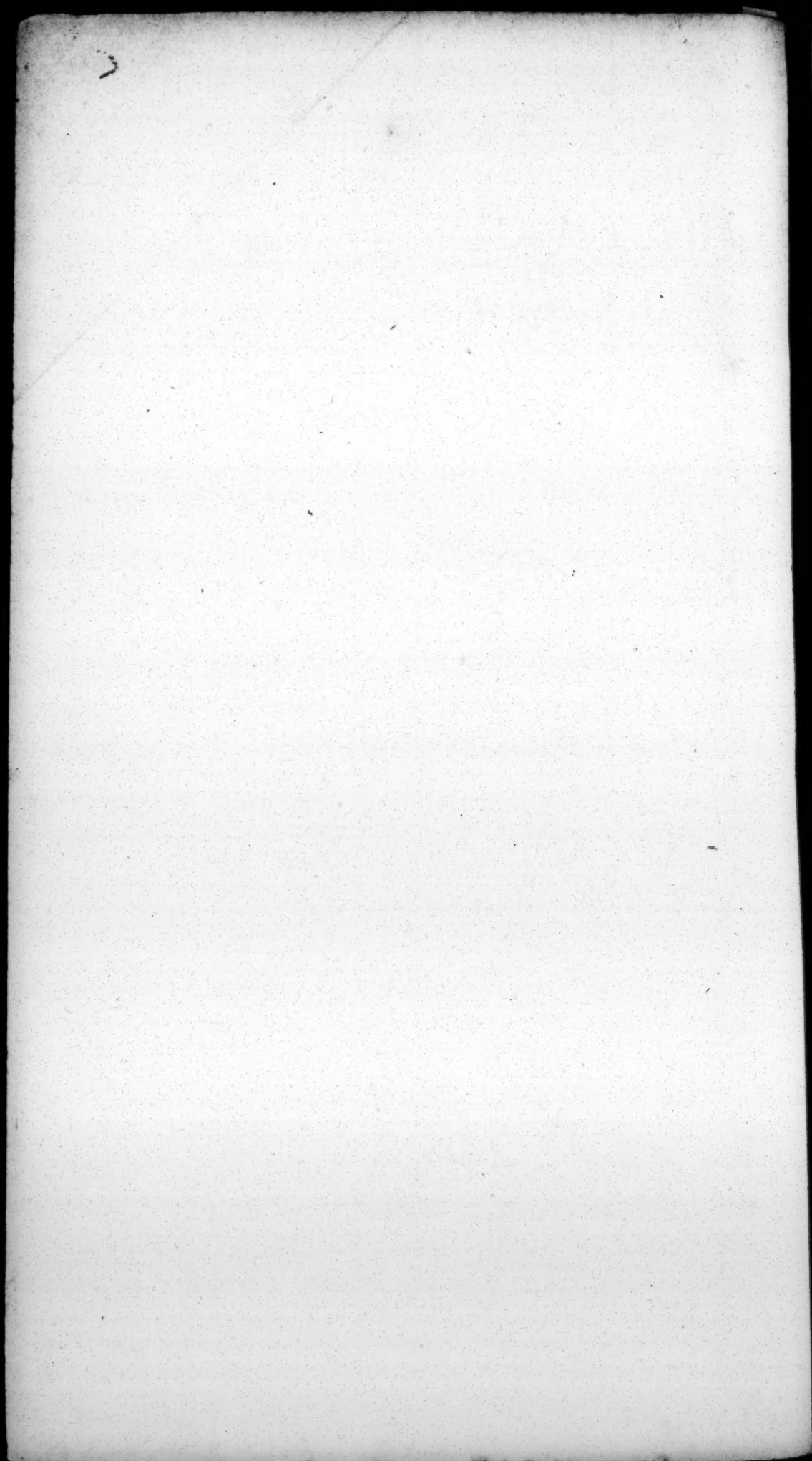
By an OXFORD SCHOLAR.

*Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen
ademptum.* VIRGIL.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. Nutt, at the Royal Exchange;
A. Dodd, at Temple-Bar; J. Jolliffe, in St.
James's-Street; and H. Chappelle, in Gros-
venor-Street. MDCCLXI.

Price One Shilling.



T O T H E

Right Honourable, Right Reverend, Right
Worshipful, Honourable, Reverend, and
Worshipful

S U B S C R I B E R S

T O

Dr. *M---n*'s LIFE of *CICERO*;

A S L I K E W I S E

To the Mr's, Mrs's, Masters, Misses, &c.
in the same Subscription-List,

T H I S

C R I T I C I S M

Is most humbly Inscribed.

TO THE

Right Honorable, Wm. D. West, Esq.
Governor, Illinois, Springfield,
Ill.

DEAR SIR,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

in relation to the matter of the

to the Hon. Mr. West, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

Yours very respectfully,
C. R. F. C. F.

Enclosed for you are the papers in relation to the matter of the



THE
DEATH of M—L—N
IN THE
LIFE of C I C E R O.

T length the Mountain is delivered! the grand *Mystery* of *Cicero's Character*, which has been so long kept sacred from unhal-
lowed Eyes, nay has eluded the Scrutiny of the ablest and most sagacious Inquirers, is at length revealed! But what is revealed? Why, what Traffickers in other Mysteries generally do reveal; the Ignorance and Presumption of the Decypherer. Not a single Particular afforded us but what every School Boy knew before, and which there are very few School Boys but what could have exhibited in a better Manner.

I know not whether our Scorn or Indignation is most justly exerted upon a View of the Subscription List prefixed to this — what shall I call it? — *Much-a-do about nothing*. To see such a crude, undigested, incoherent Mass, stamp'd with the *Signatures* of all the *Right Honourables*, and *Right Reverends* of the Land! What a Specimen will this be to Posterity of the Wisdom, Learning, and unexampled Generosity of our glorious Age? *Posterity*, did I say? Alas! their Names will be no more seen with this Book to Posterity, than most of them, and those the great Champions of this biographical Lumber, will be remember'd upon any Account. No, no; the Pastry-Cooks and Chandlers will, in a very few Years, I believe I may venture to say Months, take ample Revenge of both their Names and the Author's for spoiling so much Paper; or they'll be *elsewhere* apply'd, and sent that Way to the Land where all Things are forgotten.

But let us now get over the Threshold of this Pile, I mean the Dedication. What was sneeringly said by *Parmeno* in the Play to the Bully *Thraso*, upon his venting some fulsome nonsensical Flattery, may very appositely be repeated upon this Occasion. *Quam venuste! Quod dedit principium adveniens!* How elegantly doth he set forth? How heroically doth he open the Campaign? With what Sufficiency and Suppleness at the same Time does he make his
Court

Court to his Patron ? *Thraso* himself never discover'd more either of the Braggadochio or Sycophant, whilst he was addressing Lady *Thais*. He begins with telling us, *that the Publick will naturally expect*. — Why aye, they expected what they have not got — Something for their Money. But let us hear what else it was that they'd expect — Why, that he should chuse a Patron equal in Rank and Abilities to the Hero of this Piece. — Nay the Duce is in it if their Expectations are not fully answered in that Respect. The Doctor indeed a little lower modestly declines the Comparison, and says that no Man living can justly be compared with *Cicero*. Very well! And may not the same Thing pray be said of his Patron. However, this is to witness his Aversion to Flattery, and to make all the fine and great Things effus'd so plentifully afterwards pass with the gentle Reader for strict Historical Truths. *I remember*, says he, *it is an History which I am offering to your Lordship, and it would ill become me in the Front of such a Work to expose my Veracity to any Hazard*. He's quite in the Right of it truly ; his Veracity ought to be taken care of, for it won't bear much exposing ; witness his Quotations and Translations in the present Performance, as well as those in his late famous *theological* Engagement. *His Head is indeed at*

present so full of Antiquity, he says.—Nay, here no one can call his Veracity in Question, for if *ever* it was full of Antiquity, 'tis all there still ; for I am sure there is *none* in his *Book*. Well, but his Head is so full of Antiquity when he is writing this Dedication, that he could wish to see the *Dedictory Stile* reduced to the *classic Simplicity* of the Antients. Behold it thus reduced by the modest Doctor ! His Dedication to this Production takes up no more than 14 Pages in Quarto. Very simple and classical you see !

He then goes on to acquaint the Publick, that it was his *Lordship* who first advised him to *undertake* the *Life of Cicero*, and that when, upon a *Diffidence* of his *own Strength*, he began to think himself *unequal* to the *Weight* of it, his Lordship still *urged* him to *persist* 'till he had *moulded it into the present Form*. Form ! what Form ? I see none that it has. *Moliere* I remember, in one of his Comedies, makes two of his Philosophers dispute with great Vehemence whether it should be called the *Shape* or the *Form* of a *Hat*. But the Piece before us will admit of no such Dispute, for it has neither *Shape* nor *Form*.

He next tells his Patron, that he wishes the Favour which he has shewn to his *English Cicero* may not *detract* from that *Praise* which

which is *due* to his *Love* of the *Roman* — I don't know what to say to that; but I am apt to think not — However, says he, *whatever Censure I may draw upon your Lordship, I cannot prevail with myself to conceal what does so much Honour to my Work* — Well, let us hear what that is? Why, that *before it went to the Press, his Lordship not only saw, and approved, but as the sincerest Mark of his Approbation* — now Mark the Doctor — *corrected it*. A very pretty Compliment truly. And so he has at one Dash washed his own Hands of all the Blunders and Misquotations in his Book, and modestly father'd them upon *my Lord Privy-Seal*. His Patron must needs think himself infinitely obliged to him for the Favour. 'Tis plain enough, in troth, that he did not care what Censure he drew upon his Lordship, or he would never have blabb'd out this Secret: Nor would he have gone on to have boasted that *some Parts* of his Work had been *brighten'd by the Strokes of his Lordship's Pencil*, in like Manner as the Writings of *Polybius* and *Terence*, observe the Vanity of the Man, shone the purer for having the *Assistance* of *Scipio* and *Lælius*. I presume his Lordship did not either see, approve, or correct his Dedication; or I trust his Pencil would have *darkened* this Part of it.

The Doctor, having now done with what relates to the Assistance he received in
his

his Composition, creeps closer to his Patron, and begins to lay him on thicker and faster, 'till he has *bedaub'd* him all over, as the Vulgar say of a thorough-lac'd Coat. His Lordship rises in Stature every Moment ; 'till at last he is the greatest Scholar, the greatest Politician, the greatest Philosopher, the greatest Orator, the greatest Poet, the greatest *Promoter* of the Doctor's *Subscription*, and the greatest—*what you please*, of any mere Mortal that ever existed. *Cicero* now is dwindled to nothing, and melts away before his Lordship like *Butter* before the Sun, as the good Wife's Proverb goes. But this is not all ; he does not think it sufficient to put his Patron in mind of his superior Talents and Abilities of all Kinds ; but gives him likewise a full and true Account of his Birth, Parentage, Education, Life and Conversation, in the prettiest familiar Manner imaginable. Tells him that he is *a Lord* ; that he has been at *School* and at *College* ; that he gets up as soon as it is Light, and goes to Bed because it is Dark ; that he often visits his Lordship in a Morning-Gown, before any Body else in the House is up : Talks to him a great deal about his *Diet*, insinuating as if his Lordship lived upon *Flummery* and *Whip-Sillabubs* ; and after this he conveys him into the City, sets him up for a Merchant at once, and makes him an *Importer* of new Dig-

Dignities. Admirable! Ha! ha! ha! I protest I can't help blushing for the Man. For shame, for shame Doctor. What talk to my *Lord Privy-Seal*, as if you was tattling to a *pretty Miss*? entertain a Peer of the Realm and a Privy-Counsellor with a *Lulla-by Baby-by*! Quite surfeiting! It has turned my Stomach to that Degree that I shall eat no more than his Patron to-day.

But however, to give the Doctor his Due, he at last begins to say something to the Purpose, and by celebrating his Patron as a most upright *Patriot*, he engages every one to accede to what he says. He might have therefore spared himself the Pains of being Godfather to his Lordship, and promising and vowing in his Lordship's Name, *that he will never consent to the Ruin of the Publick.*

But this he does, it seems, as an *additional Reason for presenting him with the Life of Cicero, who, in all the Variety of his admirable Talents, does not shine so glorious in any, as in his constant Attachment to the true Interests of his Country, and the noble Struggle he sustained, at the Expence even of his Life, to avert the impending Tyranny, that finally oppressed it.* I shall make no Remark upon this Passage; only concur with the Doctor in what he says the very next Line, *that he ought to ask his Lordship's Pardon for dwelling so long upon a Character which is known to the whole King-*

Kingdom, in every Respect, but more particularly in this last mentioned. Well, but tho' the Doctor seems conscious here, that he had given his Patron his Belly-full of Himself, he's still resolved to help him to another Slice; and therefore points out, as the most distinguishing Part of his Lordship's Character, and which has been one principal Occasion of his being thus known to the whole Kingdom, the sprightly Compositions of various Kinds, with which his Lordship had often entertained it. It would therefore, says our modest Biographer, be a Presumption to think of adding any Honour to your Lordship by my Pen, after you have acquired so much by your own. O my Conscience I agree with him there. 'Tis a Pity tho' that he had not thought of this before he was got to the 12th Page of his simple, classical Dedication. Besides, as the good Doctor is so very minute in other Particulars relating to his Patron, he ought, when he was about it, to have given us a Catalogue of his Lordship's Works, and let us have known the Names at least of those sprightly Compositions for which his Lordship is so universally famous. This too would have been of singular Advantage to his Subscribers; for they might have interleav'd the Doctor's History with some of those Performances, that the Sprightliness of the latter might

might have given them frequent Relief from the *Pesanteur* of the former.

But, lastly, the Doctor comes, as he tells us, to the *chief Design of this Epistle*, which is to give *his Lordship publick Thanks for the signal Marks of Friendship he had shew-ed him, and to interest his Name in the Fate of his Work, by letting the World know that it owed its Being to his Encouragement, and its Correctness to his Pencil.* Now that it really has a Being might be made Matter of Dispute by any but his poor Subscribers; they have been feelingly convinced of it indeed; but supposing it to have a Being, it is of the vegetable Class only, which in the Morning is fair and flourishing, but in the Evening is cut down and wither'd. As to its Correctness, his making his Patron a Compliment of that, is humbly presenting him with *just nothing at all*; it abounding with egregious Blunders in almost every Page. I shall give a Specimen or two of the Correctness of his Stile from this Dedication; the Correctness of his Translations will appear when we come to the Book itself. In one Place he tells his Patron, *that he measures both the Rights of the People, and the Prerogative of the Crown, by the equal Ballance of the Laws.* I have heard of Things being *weigh'd in a Ballance*, but 'tis the first Time I was ever informed of Things being *measured by a Ballance*;

but the Doctor has discover'd a new Way of Mensuration, it seems, which proves his Skill in Mechanicks at least; and I am by this Means induced to think that a Bill which has lately passed both Houses of Parliament, for the *Encouragement* of those who attempt to *discover the Longitude*, was brought in and solicited by the Doctor's Friends, wisely presuming, from the Light he has here let in upon the Art of Measuring, that the Revelation of that Mystery was reserved for this stupendious Genius.

In another Place he talks of a *great Genius not having Room or Invitation to stretch itself to its full Size*, and of *every Faculty of Mind and Body being roused to exert its utmost Force*. A Man may be said to put his *own Genius* upon the *Stretch*, as the Doctor has done his in this Performance, and to *exert the Faculties* of his Mind and Body; but how *Faculties* can be said to *act*, or to *stretch*, or exert themselves, I can't so readily apprehend; it is at least a high poetical Figure. A little after he talks of *lazy Indolence*, hereby happily exemplifying one of the great Rules of the *Bathos*, which requires, that all Epithets should wholly coincide with the Nature of their Substantives; thus *liquid Water*, *windy Air*, *dirty Earth*, *burning Fire*, and *lazy*, alias *indolent Indolence*.

But

But to get out of this surfeiting Dedication, that I have been plunged in so long, till I am almost suffocated, I shall conclude with a short Reflection upon the Doctor's own Conclusion of it. After boasting of the noble List of Friends, that adorn his Work with the Splendor of their Names; he observes that, *next to the little Reputation with which the Publick had been pleased to favour him, the Benefit of this Subscription was the chief Fruit he had ever reaped from his Studies.* And Fruit too much for such *fruitless* Studies, cry his Subscribers! For the *First*, he says, he is *indebted to Cicero*, for *He taught him to write.* Did he? He was the worst School-Master then that ever held a Fescue, or else his Scholar the veriest Dunce that ever was flogged. That he is indebted indeed to *Cicero* beyond a Power of Retaliation; every Body will own, by mangling and false translating his Works, and depriving them of all their Sense and Spirit with his *annihilating* Quill. However he has *slain* himself with the same Weapon, and bartered that *little Reputation* which the Publick had favoured him with, for the *Fruit* he has *reaped* from this *Subscription.*

We are now arrived at the *Preface*, which abounds with Matter worthy of Observation equal with the Dedication; but I must beg leave to pass over the greatest Part of it un-

but the Doctor has discover'd a new Way of Mensuration, it seems, which proves his Skill in Mechanicks at least; and I am by this Means induced to think that a Bill which has lately passed both Houses of Parliament, for the *Encouragement* of those who attempt to *discover the Longitude*, was brought in and solicited by the Doctor's Friends, wisely presuming, from the Light he has here let in upon the Art of Measuring, that the Revelation of that Mystery was reserved for this stupendious Genius.

In another Place he talks of a *great Genius not having Room or Invitation to stretch itself to its full Size*, and of *every Faculty of Mind and Body being roused to exert its utmost Force*. A Man may be said to put his *own Genius* upon the *Stretch*, as the Doctor has done his in this Performance, and to *exert the Faculties* of his Mind and Body; but how *Faculties* can be said to *act*, or to *stretch*, or exert themselves, I can't so readily apprehend; it is at least a high poetical Figure. A little after he talks of *lazy Indolence*, hereby happily exemplifying one of the great Rules of the *Bathos*, which requires, that all Epithets should wholly coincide with the Nature of their Substantives; thus *liquid Water*, *windy Air*, *dirty Earth*, *burning Fire*, and *lazy*, alias *indolent Indolence*.

But

But to get out of this surfeiting Dedication, that I have been plunged in so long, till I am almost suffocated, I shall conclude with a short Reflection upon the Doctor's own Conclusion of it. After boasting of the noble List of Friends, that adorn his Work with the Splendor of their Names; he observes that, *next to the little Reputation with which the Publick had been pleased to favour him, the Benefit of this Subscription was the chief Fruit he had ever reaped from his Studies.* And Fruit too much for such *fruitless* Studies, cry his Subscribers! For the *First*, he says, he is *indebted to Cicero*, for *He taught him to write.* Did he? He was the worst School-Master then that ever held a Fescue, or else his Scholar the veriest Duncie that ever was flogged. That he is indebted indeed to *Cicero* beyond a Power of Retaliation; every Body will own, by mangling and false translating his Works, and depriving them of all their Sense and Spirit with his *annihilating* Quill. However he has *slain* himself with the same Weapon, and bartered that *little Reputation* which the Publick had favoured him with, for the *Fruit* he has *reaped* from this *Subscription*.

We are now arrived at the *Preface*, which abounds with Matter worthy of Observation equal with the Dedication; but I must beg leave to pass over the greatest Part of it un-

noted, otherways I shall never get at the Book. He tells us that there is *one great Fault in the Writers of particular Lives*, which is, that they are generally *partial in favour of their Subject*, and give us a *Panegyrick instead of a History*; but as for the Doctor, that he *had divested himself of this Foible, and tied himself down to a rigid Impartiality*. Yes, and so I think he profess'd to do in the setting out of his Dedication; and he has alike manifested his Veracity in both. If you collect *Cicero's Character* from his *own Works*, you'll find him a Man, as *dispar sibi* in different Parts of his Conduct, and in different Periods of Time, as any Man that ever lived. His vast Abilities and Talents were blended with great Vanity and Arrogance, and he manifested as much *Pusillanimity* in his Behaviour on some Occasions, as *Intrepidity* on others. Sometimes he opposed the Incroachments and Oppressions of those in Power with an heroic and inflexible Bravery: At other Times, he sunk from that Greatness of Spirit, and was as *servile* and *fawning* as the *Biographer* himself. Thus I say is *Cicero's Character* variegated, if we will take it as he himself has drawn it.

No, says the Doctor, he *belies himself*: He was without Spot or Blemish, I assure my Readers, and altogether as immaculate, as intrepid, as stable, as unerring, as divine a Being, as I have made of that *noble Personage*

nage to whom I compare him, and for the Sake of which Comparifon I fhall infift upon what I fay to be fact, in fpite of *Appian, Dion Caffius, Plutarch*, or even *Cicero himfelf*.

As to the *Nature* of his *Work*, the Doctor tells us, *That tho' the Title carried nothing more than the History of Cicero's Life.* yet it might properly enough be called, *the History of Cicero's Times.* Ay in good Troth, or *Cæfar's Times*, or *Pompey's Times*, or any one's elfe that ever lived at *Rome*, for what the *Work* itfelf carries either *peculiar* or *material*. Yes, but he has given us a *summary Account of the Roman Affairs*, and carried on a *Series of History*, thro' a *Period of above fixty Years*. I grant he has fo; but he might very well have fpared himfelf the Pains, we having the fame done to our Hands already, in a much more inſtructive, familiar, and regular Manner, by the Compiler of a little *Manual* entitled, *The Roman History by Way of Question and Answer*, being a proper *New Year's Gift* for young *Masters* and *Misses*, to give them a Notion of the *Roman History*, at the fame Time that they are learning their *Mother Tongue*.

For what is the meritorious Exploit he has performed? Why he has laid before us a dry Lift of Facts, which every one that knows any Thing at all, has hanging already at his Finger's Ends, and there has left them, as he very rightly acknowledges, to
 ſpeak

Speak for themselves. He has not dwelt upon such of them as were most important to the Character of his Hero, or most interesting to the Age and Nation he was living in; has made no nice Observations, or useful Reflections upon them, for the Benefit of those he was writing to; has not pointed out by what Steps and Measures, those Vices and Corruptions were brought in upon the Republick, which not only bore down the Subject of his History, but produced a fatal Change of Government at the same Time, and infamously inflaved her: Nor has he freely shewn how the *same Steps and Measures*, pursued in any *other State*, will infallibly be productive of the same *sad Consequences*. It was this which the World *naturally expected* from him.—But your Servant, quoth the Doctor,—These are tender Points and not to be *handled*.—I can talk of those Things enough at the Club; but that's under the Rose. Pray gentle Reader look at the Letter W in my Subscription Alphabet, and tell me if thou could'st dream I were such an unmannerly Puppy? What! pillory my best Friends in Effigy Man? No! no! let *Moses* and the *Prophets* feel my *Scourge*; my *Jubilate* shall attend my noble Patrons.

And yet Truth will sometimes peep thro' the Veil, Doctor, do what we will; and 'tis almost impossible to keep so nice a Guard, but that the Mind will be sometimes flying in the Face, and the Heart and
Tongue

Tongue *unseasonably* correspond: Witness a *Paragraph* in this very *Preface*, which I must own made me begin to tremble for you, and I durst be sworn, if you had it again, you'd be more chary of it. Speaking of the Popularity of the *Gracchi*, as grounded upon the real *Affections* of the People, gained by many *extraordinary Privileges* and *substantial Benefits* conferred upon them, the Doctor *unluckily* observes, *that in After-times, instead of courting the Multitude by real Services and beneficial Laws, it was found a much shorter Way to corrupt them by Money; a Method wholly unknown in the Times of the Gracchi; by which the Men of Power had always a Number of Mercenaries at their Devotion, ready to fill the Forum at any Warning; who by Clamour and Violence carried all before them in the publick Assemblies, and came prepared to ratify whatever was proposed to them: This kept up the Form of a legal Proceeding; while by the Terror of Arms, and a superior Force, the Great could easily support and carry into Execution, whatever Votes they had once procured in their Favour by Faction and Bribery.*

'Slife! Doctor, how came this here? It was certainly wrote in your Sleep. Why what says our *Patron*, or our *Patron's Patron* to us here my Friend? This smells of downright rank *British* Patriotism: It was
on

on Account of Practices of a *like Nature* to these you inveigh against, that a *certain Motion* was lately made in a *certain Place*; and does the Reverend Author of *Cicero's* Life come in as an Abettor and Justifier of that Proceeding? Has he written *two* vast Volumes to reduce *Cicero's* Maxims of Government to the present Standard, and to bring the *Roman* Consul *down* to a Level with the *British* prime Minister, and frustrated all his Toil with one Page of his Preface? He has finely *bobb'd* himself here indeed. Had he but let the same great Hand retouch his Preface, which had brightened his History, such an Impropriety as this would never have blundered into Light— but *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*.

The Doctor having informed us of the *Nature* of his Work, proceeds to tell us from whom he borrowed his *Plan*, and whence he drew his Materials; for both of which it seems he's indebted to *Cicero* himself. Here he begins modestly to speak of his own Atchievements, with regard to the executive Part; he intimates, in the first Place, that he has not *only* given us *Cicero's* Sense in the Passages which he has extracted from him, but has given it likewise in *Cicero's* Language, that is, in such as he might be *supposed* to speak where he living at this Time: Why, thus far we must certainly agree with the Doctor, that he has imitated
the

the *Eloquence* of his Author in his Translations from him, *full as well* as he has his *Sense*, which will appear undeniable, by and bye, from a Multiplicity of Instances. The Doctor therefore persuades himself, that those Extracts, thus translated, will be found both the most *shining* and *useful* Parts of his Work, by introducing the Reader the oftener into the *Company* of *one* with whom no Man ever convers'd, without, as *Erasmus* tells us, *coming away the better for it*. If *Erasmus* had been living when this History was publish'd, I'gad, Doctor, you would have made him eat his Words.

After having given it this good round Character of himself, he proceeds to demolish those who had unfortunately handled the same Subject before him, especially the *Greek* Historians, *Plutarch*, *Appian*, and *Dio*. *These Writers*, says he, *were Strangers to the Language and Customs of Rome; and liable to frequent Mistakes, as well as subject to Prejudices in their Relation of Roman Affairs*. Were they so indeed? Why then, methinks, 'tis pity but their Brother *Biographer* had treated them a little more tenderly. He should out of common Humanity have overlook'd those Defects in others, which he himself is so notorious for.

*Blockheads with Reason wicked Wits abhor,
But Fool with Fool is barbarous Civil War.*

D

And

And yet 'tis strange too that *Plutarch*, who at different Times of his Life resided in *Rome* near *forty Years*, should be so very deficient in the *Latin* Language ; or, supposing he was, how came our Author by the Knowledge of this ?

He'll tell you. *Plutarch himself*, says our believing Divine, *acknowledges that he had not Time to make himself Master of the Latin Tongue*. This was a mighty ill-judg'd Piece of Modesty in *Plutarch*, and which the Doctor, I'll answer for him, will never be guilty of ; and yet 'tis ten to one if *Plutarch* thought, when he spoke thus humbly of himself, that he should be so readily taken at his Word. If our Historian's *Patron* had given such an implicit Credit to him, and had not continued to urge him to persist in his Design, when he *began* to (for he never did it seems) think himself unequal to the Weight of the Task, the World would never have been bless'd with this miraculous Production.

As to *Dio Cassius*, he wrote, our Author informs us, under a particular Prejudice against *Cicero*, on account of his Principles, which were wholly opposite to those of *Dio*. The latter, says he, *flourished under the most tyrannical of the Emperors, by whom he was advanced, and, being the Creature of despotic Power, thought it a Compliment to depreciate a Name so rever'd for it's Patriotism*.

tism. Did he so? The more Fool *Dio*. If he had liv'd in our Author's enlighten'd Age, he would have found it serve his Purpose much better, to have modell'd *Cicero's* Character to the *Politicks* in *Fashion*, and made him speak the *Sentiments* of those in *Power*, whose *Creature* he was. Think you not so, my dear Doctor?

Our Author, having thus informed his Readers upon what Collections he finish'd the first Draught of his History, he desires them to observe, *that tho', in a Performance where the Materials are common to all, many Things must necessarily be said, that had been observed already by others, yet that if an Author has any Genius, there will be always enough of what is new, to distinguish it as an original Work, and to give him a Right to call it his own, which he flatters himself will be allowed to him in the following History.* Indeed, my good Friend, you don't at all flatter yourself in that Expectation; that it is *truly* an *Original*, no Mortal can deny; that you have an absolute *Right* to call it *your own* (that is, *yours* and your *Patron's* together) is altogether as indisputable; and that no one living will attempt to rob you of the *Glory* of it, is beyond all Question.

Among the modern Books which our *Biographer* tells us he consulted in the compiling of this Work, he mentions *Fabricius's* History of *Cicero*, which *eased him*, it seems,

of a great Skare of the Trouble, he must otherwise have had, of ranging the Materials in their proper Places. The Truth of the Matter, gentle Reader, is this: *Fabricius* has publish'd, in the *Latin* Tongue, an accurate, regular, and concise History of both the Actions and Writings of *Cicero*; this the Doctor has made an unlimited Use of, and to this he is entirely indebted for the *Stamina Vitæ* of his own *biographick Banling*. But how has he cultivated and matur'd these sound *Stamina of Fabricius*? Why he has extended, and bloated them up with his own unwholsome *Aliment*, 'till the whole is become a gross and putrefy'd Carcass.

But the Doctor goes on to take Notice of several *French* Writers upon the same Subject with his, and from whom he had received Assistance in his Work; and at length vouchsafes to look asquint at a little *Piece*, as he calls it, in our own Language, entitled *Observations on the Life of Cicero*. This, he says, gives a very different Account of *Cicero* from what he has done. Yes really, or else it had given a very indifferent one. That Writer describes the Man *Cicero*, of *Cæsar's* and *Pompey's* Times; our Reverend Author, a faultless Monster of his own creating, adapted to the golden Age of *W——le* and *H——vy*. The former draws him as he really was, a Man of great Abilities and Virtues, and yet subject to as great Infir-

Infirmities and Failings : A Man who acted, on several Occasions, more like an ambitious Orator, than a philosophical Republican ; and who, notwithstanding his exalted Notions of Integrity, sometimes yielded to the Corruption of the Age, and sacrificed the Welfare of his Country to his private Interests and Passions. He describes him as one to whom the Commonwealth, in many Parts of his Administration, had great Obligations, even no less than its Preservation at one Crisis ; but then justly observes that there wanted that Steadiness and Uniformity in his Conduct, which alone could entitle him to the Reputation he was so desirous of attaining. Thus the elegant Writer of this, *short* indeed ! but impartial Review of *Tully's* Conduct, has set his Actions in their proper Light, and, without aggravating or softening any Thing, has consider'd them as they were directed to the Advantage or Prejudice of his Country.

Here then are discover'd the Marks of a masterly Genius ; of one who was capable of distinguishing the various Parts of a Character, and of placing them all in an equal Light ; of one neither *besotted* to, nor *prejudiced* against, the *Original* he was copying ; but who exhibited its different Features as in reality they existed, and neither committed *Flattery* or *Injustice* in his *Portrait*. But our *gothick Dawber* has besmear'd

smear'd his Figure from Head to Foot with most untemper'd Mortar; and then Drapery'd it all over in Sky-colour and Tinsel; so that 'tis impossible to distinguish one Feature from another, but the whole, as *Shakespear* says, is a *Clod of wayward Marle*. In short, to speak without Metaphor, he has made a Collection of all the fine Qualities and eminent Virtues, that a human Creature can be capable of, and cramm'd them into the Heart of his Hero, and by that Means has given us, instead of *Cicero*, a *Patch-Work Hero* of his own Imagination.

Well, but our Author is determin'd, farther, to shew himself as great an *Adept* in History, as he is a *Conjurer* in Characterising: He therefore, in his Preface, gives us an Abstract of the *Roman* Government from *Romulus* to *Tully*, wherein, amongst many other curious Observations, he is pleas'd to remark, *that at a certain Time, the Senate, with the two Brother-Consuls at their Head, had got the Administration of the whole State into their Hands, and within the Compass of twenty Years became so insolent and oppressive, as to drive the Body of the People to a Secession into the sacred Mount*. Soh! the Doctor's napping again! Why what an unreasonable Truth has he here blunder'd upon. The *two Brothers*, with the *Majority* at their Heels, never had a more home Stroke given them. Had I been in the Doctor's Place, I
would

would have strove hard, methinks, but I would have found another Word to express my Meaning by, than that of *Secession*.

However, he is resolv'd to make amends presently for this *Lapsus Linguae*; and therefore, after having informed us, that the *Seceders* would not consent to return, 'till they had extorted a Right of creating a new Order of Magistrates out of their own Body, he falls foul at once upon the Poor Tribunes, for that was the Name the Magistrates went by, and condemns them for a horrible Abuse of Power, in that they left nothing unattempted that could mortify the Senate, or gratify the People. Sad Misconduct truly! What, gratify the People! Mob, Scoundrels, Blackguards, Rebels, Traitors? Nay, they made Acts too which were greedily received by the City, and which our excellent Author, for that Reason, calls seditious Acts. If they did any Thing for the Benefit of the City indeed, I don't wonder at the severe Chastisement they have met with from our Author's Quill, or the brightening Pencil of his Patron, or Patron's Patron.

Well, but the violent Death of two of these Tribunes, the *Gracchi*, put an End to their Sedition and, *was the first civil Blood*, our excellent Historian affirms, *that was spilt in the Streets of Rome in any of their Publick Dissentions*. It is very justly observed, by the Writers of the
History

History of our own Times, upon quoting this Passage, that whilst the Reverend Author was demolishing his Predecessors in History for their Blunders, he ought to have taken Care himself not to fall into a Blunder in which every School-Boy can correct him ; it being evident from Livy, that Blood had been spilt in the Streets of Rome in civil Commotions, upwards of a hundred Years before the Birth of the Gracchi, particularly in the Case of Spurius Melius, whose Death is almost constantly mentioned by Tully when he speaks of that of the Gracchi, as Cases in Point to each other of the same Nature, and attended with the same Circumstances.

But now observe what a worthy Use the Doctor makes of this Story of the Gracchi, and what a stinging Memorandum he has drawn from it to leave with your Patriots, and such who espouse the Interests of the People. These two illustrious Brothers, says he, who were of all Men the dearest to the Roman People, yet upon the first Resort to Arms, were severally deserted by the Multitude, in the very Height of their Authority, and suffered to be cruelly massacred in the Face of the whole City ; which shews, cries our Author, how little Stress is to be laid on the Assistance of the Populace when the Dispute comes to Blows, and that Sedition, though it may often shake, yet will never destroy a free State, while it continues unarmed, and unsupported by a military Force.

To

To shew the Beauty of this Observation, and the Reasoning upon it, more clearly, we may *paraphrase* it in the following Manner; and suppose the Doctor thus addressing himself to his Readers: “ Gentlemen take notice; pray take notice
 “ Gentlemen, how these illustrious Brothers the *Gracchi*, who *unwisely* espoused the *Interests* of the *People*, and *rashly* sided with the *Sturdy Beggars* of the *City*, against the Insolence and Oppression of the *Senate*, and the *two Consuls* by whom that Senate was directed, pray take notice, I say, a third Time, Gentlemen, how they were *deserted* and given up to Destruction, by those *very* People, and that *very* City, as soon as ever they saw the *Guards* appear: And will any *Gentleman* be ever so mad for the future, as to have any thing to do with such a *Herd* of *Pultrons*? What can you expect for protecting the Rights or Liberties of a *Populace*, but for yourselves, your Families, and Fortunes, to be made a Sacrifice of? and a very pretty Account *that* to leave to your Posterity. Does not this Story of the *Gracchi* sufficiently demonstrate, that no Stress is to be laid at all upon having the *whole Nation* of Plebeians on your Side? But suppose they should be ready to stand by you, what signifies an *unarmed undisciplined Mob*; who,
 E “ though

“ though they may be able to create some
 “ Tumults and Disorders, can do little by
 “ Way of Resistance against a *State*, that
 “ has a *Riot Act* and a *Standing Army* to
 “ quell such *Insurrections*. How much more
 “ *safe* and *advantageous* is it *Gentlemen*, to
 “ strike in with those who have *Power* on
 “ their Side, and *Honours* in their Dispo-
 “ sal. Hang the Million! They have *Li-*
 “ *berty*! for what? to insult their Superi-
 “ ors, and *kick against the Pricks*. They
 “ pretend to *Property* indeed, who were
 “ born for the *Use* of the State—and *whose*
 “ *Property* they are!” This is the true
English of our Author’s shrewd Animad-
 version upon the Story before us.

And thus we have at length got through
 this marvellous Preface, which every one
 must acknowledge to be a most *suitable* In-
 troduction to the subsequent History; to
 the Consideration of which we now proceed;
 and in passing thereunto, I know not, gentle
 Reader, for which I ought to crave Par-
 don of thee by the Way, the *detaining* of
 thee so long upon, or not entertaining thee
 longer with this curious Preface: If the
 first, I have this to say in my Defence.—
 Our Author has here given us such an ample
 Account both of himself and his Perfor-
 mance, and manifested such Instances of
 his egregious *Skill*, *Learning*, and *Abilities*
 for the Task he undertook, that a *Criticism*
 on

on the *Preface* may in great Measure suffice for the *whole Work*: If the latter be objected to me, I must confess that I have passed over many Things highly worthy of Note, and left unplucked a Variety of *dainty Flowers*, which ought to have been *rubb'd in the Doctor's Nose*; but in Alleviation of this Neglect, both with regard to what is *past*, and what is *to come*, I have this Apology to urge, That was I to say *all* which might be said upon *all*, my Work would swell to as *enormous* a *Bulk* as the History itself.

The History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero.

S E C T. I.

The Doctor *enters* upon his History with giving poor *Plutarch* another Dowse o' the Chops, and being wondrous wrath with him for saying, that the *Birth* of *Cicero* was attended by *Prodigies*, which, he tells us, *ought all to be charged to the Credulity or Invention of a Writer who loves to raise the Solemnity of his Story by something miraculous*. Our Reverend Author's *Disbelief* of *Prodigies*, or *any thing* of the *miraculous*, or *supernatural* Kind, is pretty well known from his *former* Writings; but why he should lay on his *Brother Priest* so unmercifully, for ushering in his Account of *Tully's Birth*, with *such Particulars* relating

to it, as were then *currently believed* by the People, I cannot see Cause.—A Practice this, common to all *Biographers*, except to our very *uncommon* one. Besides, the Doctor in this Place, by accusing *Plutarch* of *Superstition*, shews himself intirely ignorant of the *Character* he makes so free with. *Plutarch*, though a *Heathen Priest*, was the greatest *Free-thinker* of any of the *Antients*, and wrote a Treatise upon *Superstition*, on express Purpose to expose the *Folly* and *deplorable Consequences* of it; and yet this excellent Writer is now-a-days it seems to be faddled with a grievous Charge of *Credulity* and *Inventing*: Alas poor *Plutarch*! to have flourished for so many Centuries in high Credit and Esteem, and to turn out at last a mere *Blockhead* in *Latin*, an *Ignoramus* in *History*, and a *credulous Dabbler* in *Dreams* and *Visions*! But, *mortalia facta peribunt*. The great *Middleton* is risen, and *Plutarch* fades away before his annihilating Beams.

*Old Things must yield to new, common to strange;
Perpetual Motion brings perpetual Change.*

As the greatest Part of this voluminous Work consists of *Extracts translated* from *Cicero* himself, and other Authors, we shall have little to do in the *Body* of the Book, but to look a little into Those. 'Tis this Part of his *Task* too that the Doctor principally plumes himself upon; declaring a *Splendor*
of

of *Stile*, as well as of *Sentiments*, to be necessary to support the *Idea* of a fine *Writer*; and telling us at the same Time, that he persuades himself that the *Pieces* he had translated from *Cicero* would be found the most shining Parts of his *Work*.

Now the very first Scrap of *Latin* that comes in his Way, affords a small Spice of the *Splendor* we are to expect in the *Stile* of his *Translations*: Speaking of *Cicero's* Mother, he quotes the following Story relating to her *Housewifery*; *Sicut olim matrem meam facere memini, quæ lagenas etiam inanes obsignabat, ne dicerentur inanes aliquæ fuisse, quæ furtim essent exsiccatæ.* I gave this Passage to a Lad of the third Form in *Marybone School*, to construe for me, and he rendered it thus,—*As I remember my Mother used formerly to do, who even sealed her empty Wine Bottles, to prevent its being said, when any were drank out by Stealth, that they were emptied before.* Now let us see the Doctor's splendid Performance upon this Passage: *She used to seal all her Wine Casks,* says he, the empty as well as the full, *that when any of them were found empty and unsealed, she might know them to be emptied by Stealth.* Very splendid truly! and flowing with the utmost Ease, Delicacy, and Fulness of Expression: But for the Sense—*Lagena* is a Flagon, or Stone Bottle for Wine, and as different from a Cask as Stone is from

from *Wood*: Then, where is the *Latin* for, *as well as the full*? There's nothing like it in the Original, only the Word *inanes*, (Empty) as I see. — *That when any of them were found empty and unsealed—unsealed* is by Way of *Paraphrase* again, for the duce a bit of such a Word in the Original; but all this for the Sake of *Fulness of Expression*. Of the same Stamp is the remaining Part of the Translation, which, though it is something like the *Meaning*, it has not the least of the *Turn of Expression* in the *Original*. And now Reader, upon comparing the Doctor and my *Marybone* Chap together, prithee say frankly which thou thinkest the most just, as well as most splendid, Translator of the two? The Repetition of the Word *empty* twice in *two* Lines carries great *Fullness* of Expression in it, as does likewise the Opposition of *unsealed* to *sealed*.

Two Pages after this, the Doctor lays *Salt* upon the *Tail* of a *Greek Verse*; and having caught it, clips its Wings for it immediately; it is taken from *Homer's* Description of *Ithaca*.

Τηνχῆϊ ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ χερσὶ βόθρ', &c.

Which our Author thus translates;
 'Tis rough indeed, yet breeds a gen'rous Race.

Indeed, this is very rough Poetry: It is a Pity methinks, but that he had conferred a little

little of his *Fulness of Expression* upon this Passage of *Homer*, who was himself so eminent for it. My *Marybone Amanuensfis* gave it me thus:

Rough, but productive of a gen'rous Race.

In the next Place, speaking of *Cicero's* Family-Seat, he makes the following shrewd Observation, — *There can't, says he, be a better Proof of the Delightfulness of the Place, than that it is now possessed by a Convent of Monks; and then breaks out into Exclamations and Interjections. Strange Revolution! to see Cicero's Porticos converted to monkish Cloysters! the Seat of the most refined Reason, Wit, and Learning, to a Nursery of Superstition!* I think we may here exclaim with as much Justice as the Doctor, — *Strange Revolution! to see Cicero's Works converted to the Use of Chandlers and Pastry-Cooks! To see Cicero himself, a Man of the most refined Reason, Wit, and Learning, reduced to a phantastical Tiddy-Doll.*

The Doctor seems to have such a rivetted Averfion to giving the Sense of any Passage he translates, that, in Page 23, where a single *Latin Word* only has the Misfortune of lying at his Mercy, he puts it to the Torture for mere Cruelty's Sake. Speaking of *Marius* being solicited by the Friends of *Q. Catulus*

tulus to spare his Life, *Marius*, says our Author, *made them no other Answer, but Moriatur, He must die, He must die.* Must he indeed? Yes, and so must the Doctor; and it would have been better for him to have died before he gave Life to this Brat, for that has slain his better Half, his Reputation, already.

What a Conjuror does our cunning Author make of *Marius* in this Place, by causing him to foretel that *Catulus* must die, some Time or other. If he had translated it, *Let him die*, which is the direct *English* of the Word, he had turned this wondrous Prophecy into a simple Command. Besides, here was some Danger in giving a true Translation of this Verb, for in so doing he might have been thought by some of his Readers, to allude to the *Scripture* Expression of *Let him be crucified*; and an Acquaintance with, or Approbation of, *scriptural Phrases*, is what our reverend Author would carefully avoid lying under the Censure of I presume.

Being upon the Subject of Translations, I shall here give *two* or *three* more *Specimens* of our Author's *Dexterity* in that Respect, which shall serve for the *Whole*; for were we to *remark* upon *all* that he has mangled and misconstrued, we must *transcribe every one* that he has laid his Clutches upon. In Page 169 he gives the following Extract
from

from Cicero's Oration against *Catiline*, *Erat ei concilium ad facinus aptum, consilio autem neque lingua neque manus deerat*. Which my *Marybone* Friend says ought to be translated as follows: *He had a Heart turned to Villany; but indeed he neither wanted Heart, Tongue, or Hands, towards the Accomplishing of it*. Now let us see how the Doctor manages this easy Sentence.

Of a *Capacity*, says he, *equal to the bar-diest Attempt, with a Tongue that could explain, and a Hand that could execute it*. How comes *consilium aptum*, my dear Librarian, to mean a *Capacity equal to*? *Consilium* surely means the *Council* or *Dispositions* of the Heart, as *Aptum* does turned or suited. How again does the simple Word *Lingua* mean *with a Tongue that could explain*? Explain what? explain Villany! That would be the ready Way to prevent its being executed: I defy any one to explain this villanous Translation.

In the next Page he improves upon us in Blundering. In Cicero's Oration for *Marcus Cælius*, where he is drawing the Character of *Catiline*, are these Words, *Quis civis meliorum partium aliquando?* the plain Meaning and literal Translation of which is, *What Citizen sided with a better Party than he sometimes did?* Well, but what says Cicero in the Doctor's *English*? Why, he

F

talks

talks flat Nonsense, for he is made to speak thus.

Who a Man of better Principles.

What ! *Catiline* a Man of the *best Principles*, whom *Tully* had been for half an Hour together, in the same Oration, representing as cursed with the most *detestable* and *pernicious* ones, that ever met in a human Constitution ! yea, by this very Expression, intends to describe him a Master of such deep Diffimulation, as sometimes to join with the *Country Party* ! But this is not the only Instance by a Multitude where *Cicero's* Sense is kick'd out of Doors, to make Room for our Translator's Nonsense. This Treatment of his, with regard to poor *Cicero*, is strongly verify'd in the next Particular to be produced. Vol II. Page 132. he extracts from one of *Cicero's* Epistles to *Atticus*, in which he is speaking of *Pompey's* Death, and giving a Character of him, the following Passage: *Hominem enim integrum et castum, et gravem cognovi*, the literal Construction of which is, *For I knew him to be a Man of great Integrity, Chastity, and Gravity*. Now Reader observe the Doctor's Version of this plain Sentence : *For I knew him, says he, to be an honest, grave, and worthy Man*. In the Name of Dulness, why must the Word *Castum*, which never yet had any other Meaning than that of *chaste*, be converted, or rather perverted into *worthy*, which has no Mean-
ing

ing at all? Why, *No-meaning* is the Doctor's Idol, it seems, and therefore must have Homage paid it in *every Page* of his Work. *Chastity* was a Virtue which *Pompey* was as famous for, as *Cæsar* was for the contrary Vice; and 'tis therefore particularly mention'd by *Cicero*, in Opposition to the Character of the latter, and by way of Reflection on him. But this Nicety of distinguishing Characters by such minute Particulars, is what our worthy Biographer has no Manner of Palate for.

The next Instance I shall point out of the Doctor's matchless Skill in translating, is an Extract from *Paterculus*, upon the Subject of *Cicero's* Death.

Nihil tamen egisti, Marce Antoni, nihil inquam egisti mercedem cælestissimi oris & clarissimi capitis abscissi numerando, auctora-mentoque funebri, ad conservatoris quondam reipub. tantique consulis irritando necem; rapuisti tu Marco Ciceroni lucem sollicitam, & ætatem senilem, & vitam miseriorem te PRINCIPE quam sub te TRIUMVIRO mortem; jamam vero gloriamque factorum atq; dictorum adeo non abstulisti, ut auxeris; vivet, vivetque per omnium sæculorum memoriam, dumque hoc vel forte, vel providentia, vel ut-cunq; constitutum rerum naturæ corpus, (quod ille pene solus Romanorum, ANIMO VIDIT, ingenio complexus est, eloquentiæ illuminavit) manebit incolume, comitem ævi sui laudem Ciceronis trahet, omnisque posteritatis illius in

te scripta mirabitur, tuum in eum factum execrabitur. This the Doctor has done into the following *English*.

“ Thou hast done nothing *Anthony*, hast
 “ done nothing I say, by setting a Price on
 “ that divine and illustrious Head, and by a
 “ detestable Reward procuring the Death
 “ of so great a Consul and Preserver of the
 “ Republick : Thou hast snatch’d from *Ci-*
 “ *cero* a troublesome Being ; a declining
 “ Age ; a Life more miserable under thy
 “ Dominion than Death itself : But so far
 “ from diminishing the Fame of his Deeds
 “ and Sayings, thou hast encreased it. He
 “ lives and will live in the Memory of all
 “ Ages, and as long as this System of Na-
 “ ture, whether by Chance or Providence
 “ or what way soever form’d, which he
 “ alone of all the *Romans* comprehended in
 “ his Mind, and illustrated by his Eloquence
 “ shall remain entire, it will draw all the
 “ Praises of *Cicero* along with it, and all Po-
 “ sterity will admire his Writings against
 “ thee, and curse thy Act against him.”

What glorious Work he has made of this familiar Piece of *Latin*, I submit to those who have the least Knowledge of that Language, or any Judgment in our own.

The last Instance I shall produce of the Doctor’s Ability, as a Translator, shall be a remarkable one at the same Time of his Genius for Poetry. In Vol. II. p. 511.
 giving

giving a Description of *Cicero's Puteolan Villa*, he tells us, that after his Death a Spring of warm Water, which happened to burst out in some Grounds belonging to it, gave Occasion to the following Epigram, made by *Lamea Tullius*, one of *Cicero's* Freed-Men.

*Quo, tua Romanæ vindex clarissime linguæ,
Sylva loco melius surgere jussa & viret,
At acadamiæ celebratam nomine villam
Nunc reparat culta sub potiore vetus.
Hic etiam apparent lymphæ non ante repertæ,
Languida quæ infuso lumina rora levant ; —
Nimirum locus ipse sui Ciceronis honori
Hoc dedit, hac fontes cum patefecit ope,
Ut quoniam totum legitur sine fine per orbem
Sint plures, oculis quæ medeantur aquæ.*

Now Reader mark the DOCTOR'S Knack at Versification.

Where Groves once thine now with fresh
Verdure bloom,
Great Parent of the Eloquence of Rome,
And where thy Academy, favourite Seat,
Now to *Antistius* yields its sweet Retreat,
A gushing Stream bursts out, of wondrous
Power,
To heal the Eyes, and weaken'd Sight restore.

The

The Place which all its Pride from *Cicero*
 drew,
 Repays this Honour to his Memory due,
 That since his Works thro'out the World are
 spread,
 And with *such* EAGERNESS by ALL are
 read,
 New Springs of healing Quality should rise,
 To ease th' Increase of Labour to the Eyes.

Here our Reverend Bard has remarkably verified his own Observation concerning modern Versions ; *where the first Wits of Antiquity*, he says, *are made to speak such English, as an English Man of Taste would be ashamed to write on any original Subject.* I am sure such *English*, or Poetry either, was never written upon any Subject before. *Great Parent of the Eloquence of Rome*, are as surprising for a Translation of *Romanæ vindex clarissimæ linguæ*, as the following Pair of Lines are eminent for their poetical Spirit and lofty Diction.

“ To heal the Eyes, and weaken'd Sight
 restore.

“ And with such Eagerness by all are read.

And now what vast Penetration into the Nature of foreign Languages, and what a masterly Skill in his own, has our learned Librarian discovered in his various Translations.

Our

Our Author, in his Preface, as we have already observed, assures his Readers, *that he has divested himself of the Partiality common to the Generality of Biographers for the Person whose History they attempt, which is apt to lead them to cast a Shade over his Failings, and out of a good Character to draw a perfect one.*

Come then, let us take a View of the Doctor's Conduct in this Respect, and see whether he is so tender a Nurse of his *Veracity* in the *Body* of his *Work*, as he professes to be in his *Dedication*.

Cicero having gone through the Office of Edile with a deserved Applause, he was unanimously elected Prætor, which was the second Dignity in the Commonwealth. Flushed with this Success, and warmed with aspiring Hopes, he had nothing less in View than acquiring the Consulship. Accordingly, he took all Measures that he judged most likely to facilitate his Advancement thereunto. As *Pompey* was then in the Zenith of his Power, and by that Means more capable than any one, of assisting him in his Design, all Methods were tried by *Cicero* to gain him over to his Interest: With this View he produced his famous Oration for the *Manilian Law*, in which he intirely threw off the Character he had hitherto bore of a Friend to his Country, and became the

the chief *Instrument* of illegal and *arbitrary* Power.

The Law just now mentioned, was to confer upon *Pompey*, (who had been before vested with an exorbitant Power, by having the sole Command of the War against the Pyrates committed to him) the Government of *Asia* then held by *Lucullus*, with the Command of that General's Army against *Mithridates*, and of all the *Roman* Forces in those Parts: This was nothing less than making him absolute Master of the whole Commonwealth. Upon this Occasion *Cicero* mounted the *Rostrum*, and employed his whole Artillery of Wit and Eloquence in Favour of this monstrous Proposal. He dressed up *Pompey* with all the Ornaments his Fancy and Rhetorick could furnish, attributing to him the whole Success both of the *Mithridatic* War, and that against the Slaves; the first of which was owing to *Lucullus*, and the latter to *Crassus*. Thus, by *injuring* in the highest Degree those two eminent Commanders, and by a *flavish* Flattery of *Pompey*, who was endeavouring all he could to overthrow the Liberties of the Commonwealth, he procured the passing of that pernicious Decree. Now had the Love of his Country been always the ruling Passion of this great Orator, he would have opposed this arbitrary Encroachment, with as much Zeal as he manifested in the
pro-

promoting of it: Well; but what says our worthy Biographer upon this Occasion? Why, he *vindicates* his Hero's Conduct intirely, and says, *that Cicero might very probably be convinced that it was not only safe but necessary to commit a War, which nobody else could finish, to such a General, and a Power, which nobody else ought to be entrusted with, to such a Man.* Excellent Reasoning truly! Had not *Lucullus* overcome *Mithridates* in several Battles, and was not he upon the very Point of giving the finishing Stroke to that War? Did not this Power too being conferred on *Pompey*, give *Cæsar* a Pretence of claiming the same for himself, by Means of which he at last enslaved the Common-wealth? No Matter for that, our honest Writer was determined to *cast a Shade over this Failing of the Person whose History he was attempting.*

This is the *Prodigy* of the Age for *Veracity* and *Impartiality*! But what a Writer am I criticising upon; One, either intirely ignorant of common History, or wilfully falsifying and perverting of it; how then am I to accost him? as a grand Historian, or a grand *Teller of Fibbs*? For I know the Name of *Divine* would make him *puke*. If we only look into *Cicero's* own private Letters, we shall at first Sight be convinced how instable and wavering he was in his Conduct. Sometimes an Adulator of *Pompey*,

comparing him to the younger *Scipio*, and himself to *Lælius*, and wishing their Amity as lasting as was that between those two noble Personages ; at another Time, speaking of *Pompey's* Conduct to *Atticus*, he says that there was *nothing illustrious*, nothing of *honest Policy*, nothing *brave*, *comely*, or *liberal* in it. And again, in another Place, he says, That *Pompey* was a Man in whom there was neither *true Greatness*, *Spirit*, or *Dignity*, or any other Quality but what was *mean* and *vulgar* : And yet this wretched Creature, as *Pompey* is here represented, was the Godlike Hero of the famous *Manilian* Oration : However, such as he was, *Cicero*

this Time laboured to recommend himself to him, and implored his Protection in the Quarrel he was engaged in with *Clo-dius* : But all these Particulars, though absolutely necessary towards giving the Reader a just Idea of *Tully's* Character, our Reverend Author has thought proper either intirely to stifle, or else to clothe in false Colours.

But let us give another Cast of the Doctor's Skill in Colouring : *Cicero*, who profess'd an Abhorrence to the Measures of the Triumvirate, has yet manifested such extreme Weakness in one of his Epistles to *Atticus*, as to acknowledge that they might bribe him into their Interest, if they would confer a Place on him which was become

vacant

vacant in the College of Augurs. His Words are these: *Since* Nepos, *says* he, *is leaving* Rome, *who is to have the Augurate conferr'd upon him?* *It is the only Thing with which they could have gained me.* *Observe my Levity!* This Conduct of Cicero's in shewing so strong an Inclination to accept a *Place* from those whom he calls *Tyrants*, at the same Time has thrown an *indelible* Stain upon his Character. Ay, but I hate the Word *indelible*, says the Dr. and therefore I'll scour out this Spot in a Trice. Accordingly, he goes to Work, and *wretched Work* he makes of it. However, Cicero is made immaculate in this Respect, and a proper *Shade* cast over this Failing too.

I shall produce but one more Instance of our Reverend Author's *Veracity*, and then wash my Hands of him. It is well known to all who are in the least acquainted with the History of those Times, that from the Battle of *Pharsalia*, till the Execution of the Conspiracy against *Cæsar*, Cicero behaved with the utmost *Servility* and *Meanness*, making his Court to the Usurper, with the most abject *Flattery* and bare *Compliances*, intirely forgetting the Dignity of his former Character, and rendering himself contemptible in the Opinion of all true Lovers of their Country: But this, as notorious as it is, the Doctor is determined to *screen* and *palliate* at all Events, justifying his Hero in

every Particular of his Conduct, and shuffling, trifling, and changing Shapes in such a Manner, as leaves no Room to doubt what his boasted *Faithfulness* and *Impartiality* amount to. He indeed all along seems to be of Opinion, that it was every *sensible* Man's Business to strike in with the *Measures* of the *prevailing Party*, and by that Means to take care of themselves, let what would become of their Country. In one Place in particular, mentioning a Speech of *Cicero's*, wherein he extols even *Cæsar* during his Usurpation, to the Skies, he observes, *that the many fine Things there said have given some a Handle to charge Cicero with Insincerity*; but, says our excellent Casuist, *no reasonable Man will think it strange that in addressing a Conqueror in the Height of all his Power, a few Strokes of Flattery should be made use of*. Admirable Doctrine from a Doctor of Divinity truly! and judiciously adapted to the present Times! I question not but that it is his *Practice* as well as *Principle*, otherways he had scarce had so many of *Those* who are at present in the *Height of all their Power*, appear at the *Head* of his *Subscription*.

But this Doctrine he inculcates yet more strongly in Vol. II. Page 265. where, speaking of *Cicero's political* Conduct, he tells us, *That here his academick Philosophy seems to have shew'd its superior Use in practical as well as speculative Life, by allowing* — Pray
mark

mark him—a Change of Conduct, and a Recourse to new Means, for the Attainment of the same End; by instructing him that Contention was no longer prudent than while it did Service; and that when Faction was grown too strong to be withstood, it was Time to give over fighting, and to endeavour to extract some Good out of the Ill. These Principles, says he, will account for that Complaisance which he is supposed to have paid, at different Times, to the several Usurpers of illegal Power. These Time-serving Principles, and Coat-turning Practices in Tully, were entirely repugnant to the rigid Virtue and dauntless Sincerity of Cato and Brutus, and which the latter in his Epistles severely rebukes, and vents his Indignation against, saying, *That he acted as if he was not so solicitous about securing the Liberty of his Country, as to chuse a Master that would be favourable to himself; and telling him, that by this mean and servile Conduct it was evident, that neither Age nor Honours, nor the Example of other Men's Virtue, could moderate his fond Desire of Life.* For this Peevishness and Obstinacy of his, Brutus shall have a Dash. Accordingly our Author adorns him with a dainty String of Epithets, the Length of a whole Page, upon this Account; *churlish, morose, arrogant, romantick, insolent,*

solent, proud, haughty, rigid, unmannerly, &c. &c. &c.

Must not this now raise every honest Man's Contempt and Indignation, to make use of the Doctor's Words when speaking of *Cicero*, to see every *conceited Pedant* and *trifling Declaimer*, who know *little* of *Brutus's* real Character, and *less* still of their *own*, presuming to treat him in such a scandalous Manner.

What I have here said of *Cicero* is by no Means intended to depreciate the real Merits of that great Orator and Statesman, which were very extensive, shining, and Praise-worthy; and the Failings he was guilty of, more owing, I hope, to his Want of Judgment, than Honesty. Though the Complaisance he paid to Usurpers was productive of much Mischief, yet I am so favourable to that eminent Person as to be of Opinion, that he meant nothing ill in it to the Commonwealth: My Intention, therefore here is, only to chastise our Writer's Confidence, who, unqualified to understand a single Paragraph of *Cicero*, presumes to set up for his Patron and Applauder, *to cast a Shade over every one of his Failings, and to endeavour, out of a good Character, to draw a perfect one;* who has scarce translated a single Passage from him right, or even afforded his Readers a Page together of true *English*; who has poisoned and perverted every *Part of History*
he

he has laid his Fist upon, and warped and misrepresented every *Character* which he has attempted with his *Sign-Post* Pencil.

In short, it is hard to decide whether the *Fever* of Presumption, or the *Ague* of Insipidity the *Itch* of Vanity, the *King's Evil* of Flattery, the *Coma* of Stupidity, the *Jaundice* of false Colouring, the *Scabs* and *Blotches* of false Grammar, false Construction, and false Spelling ; the *Mania* of Declamation, the *Heart-burning* of Party, or the *Gout* of Exuberance, rage most inveterately throughout this distempered Carcase.

Be which will of these the most prevalent in the Offspring, this is very certain, that the *unfortunate Parent* expired of a *Complication* of them all, immediately upon his being *delivered* of that monstrous Birth.

—Alas! *How are the MIGHTY FALL'N !*

F I N I S.

27-28

